IX .--- GALLEGHER --- A Newspaper Story.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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had had so many office boys before Gallegher came among us that they had begun to lose the characteristics of individuals, and became merged into a composite photograph of small boys, to whom we applied the general title

of "Here, you"; or, "You, boy." We had had sleepy boys, and lazy boys, and bright, "smart" boys, who became so familiar on so short an acquaintance that we were forced to part with them to save our own self-respect. They generally graduated into district messenger boys, and occasionally returned to us in blue coats with nick-el-plated buttons, and patronized us. But Gallegher was something different from anything we had experienced before. Gallegher was short and broad in build mather action muscular broad.

in build, with a solid, muscular broadness, and a fat and dumpy shortness. ness, and a rat and dumpy shortness. He wore perpetually on his face a happy and knowing smile, as if you and the world in general were not impressing him as seriously as you thought you were, and his eyes, which were very black and very bright, snapped intelligently at you like those of a little black and tan terrier.

All Gallegher knew had been learned on the streets; not a very good school

on the streets; not a very good school in itself, but one that turns out very knowing scholars. And Gallegher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell you who the pilgrim fathers were, nor could he name the thirteen original states, but he knew all the officers of the Twenty-

teries of the office. Sometimes night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at the lit-tle house, where his mother and him-self lived alone, at four in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride newspaper delivery wagons, with its piles of papers still damp and sticky from the press. He knew sev-eral drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers-and when it was a very cold morning he

would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, curled up on the cushions, until day-Besides being quick and cheerful

ing the Press's young men to a degree ing the Press's young men by a degree seldom attained by the ordinary mor-His clog dancing on the city ediwhen that gentleman upstairs fighting for two more columns of space, was always a source of innocent joy to us, and his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dramatic critic, hom the comedians themselves failed to force a smile. But Gallegher's chief characteristic

was his love for that element of news generally classed as "crime."

Not that he ever did anything crimi nal himself. On the centrary, his was rather the work of the criminal spe-cialist, and his morbid interest in the doing of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their present whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable ally to our police reporter, whose daily feuilletons were the only portion of the paper Gallegher deigned

Gallegher the detective element was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and

Once the paper had sent him into a Home for Destitute Orphans which was believed to be grievously misman-aged, and Gallegher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eves open to what was going on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the teld of the treatment meted out to the real orphana was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little wretches from the individual who had them in charge, and to have the individual himself sent

terms of imprisonment, and various misdoings of the leading criminals in Philadelphia was almost as thorough as that of the chief of police himself, and he could tell to an hour when "Dutchy Mack" was to be let out of prison, and could identify at a glance (Chiek Ordered confidence man." as

"Tick Oxford, confidence man," as "Gentleman Dan," petty thief.

There were, at this time, only two pleces of news in any of the papers. The least important of the two was the big fight between the champion of the United States and the would-be champion evenued to take place near

bank murder, which was filling space in newspapers all over the world, from York to Bombay.

Richard F. Burrbank was one of the most prominent of New York's railread lawyers; he was also, as a matter of course, an owner of much railroad stock, and a very wealthy man. He had been spoken of as a political possibility for many high offices, and, as the counsel for a great railroad, was known even farther than the great railroad itself had stretched its system.

At 6 o'clock one morning he was found by his butier lying at the foot of the hall stairs with two pistol wounds above his heart. He was quite dead. His safe, to which only he and his secretary had the keys, was found open, and \$200,000 in bonds, stocks and mon'ay, which had been placed there only the night before, was found missing. The secretary was missing also. His name was Stephen S. Hade, and his name and his description had been telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world. There was enough circumstantial evidence to show, beyond any question or possibility of mistake, that he was the murderer.

It made an enormous amount of talk, and unhappy individuals were being arrested all over the country and sent on to New York for identification. Three had been arrested at Liverpool and one man just as he landed at Sydney, Australia. But so far the murderer had escaped.

We were all talking about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city.

We were all talking about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city editor said it was worth a fortune to any one who chanced to run against Hade and succeeded in handing him over to the police. Some of us thought Hade had taken passage from some one of the smaller seaports, and others were of the opinion that he had buried himself in some cheap lodging house in New York, or in one of the smaller towns in New Jersey.

"I shouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Philadelphia," said one of the staff. "He'll be disguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trigger finger on his right hand. It's missing, you know; shot off when he was a boy."

"You want to look for a man dressed

knowing scholars. And Gallegher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell yon who the pilgrim fathers were, nor could he name the thirteen original states, but he knew all the officers of the Twenty-second police district by name, and he could distinguish the clang of a fire engine's gong from that of a patrol wagon or ambulance fully two blocks distant. It was Gallegher who rang the alarm when the Woolwich mills caught fire, while the officer on the beat was asleep, and it was Gallegher who led the "Black Diamonds' against the "Wharf Rais," when they used to stone each other to their heart's content on the coal wharves of Richmond.

I am afraid, now that I see these facts written down, that Gallegher was not a reputable character; but he was so very voung and so very old for his years that we all liked him very much nevertheless. He lived in the extreme northern part of Philadelphia, where the cotton and woolen mills run down to the river, and how he ever got home after leaving the Press building at two in the morning, was one of the mysteries of the office. Sometimes he itor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning time at the could not be forced by the could not be forced by the could not be rivered and how he ever got home after leaving the Press building at two in the morning, was one of the mysteries of the office. Sometimes he itor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning the could not be forced by the could not be forced by the could not be a touch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed like a touch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed like a touch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed like a touch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed the atouch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed the atouch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed the atouch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a man dressed the atouch." said the city editor: "You want to look for a

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Byrne's staff, came over to Philadelphia
after a burglar, of whose whereabouts
he had been misinformed by telegraph.
He brought the warrant, requisition, and
other necessary papers with him, but
the burglar had flown. One of our reporters had worked on a New York paper, and knew Hefflefinger, and the
detective came to the office to see if
the could help him in his so far unsuccessful search.

He gave Gallegher his card, and after

cessful search.

He gave Gallegher his card, and after Gallegher had read it, and had discovered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was absolutely use-

ered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was absolutely use-less.

"One of Byrnes's men" was a much more awe-inspiring individual to Gallegher than a member of the cabinet. He accordingly seized his hat and overcoat, and leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object of his admiration, who found his suggestions and knowledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they became very intimate, and spent the rest of the day together. In the meanwhile the managing editor had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallegher, when he condescended to return, that his services were no longer needed. Gallegher had played truant once too often. Unconscious of this, he remained with his new friend until late the same evening, and started the next afternoon toward the Press office.

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this, he remained with his new friend until late the same evening, and started the next afternoon toward the Press office.

As I have said, Gallegher lived in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes' walk from the Kensington railroad station, where trains ran into the suburbs and on to New York.

It was in front of this etation that a smoothly shaven, well-dressed man brushed past Gallegher and hurried up the steps to the ticket office.

He held a walking stick in his right hand, and Gallesher, who now patiently scrutinized the hands of everyone who wore gloves, saw that while three fingers of the man's hand were closed around the cane, the fourth stood out in almost a straight line with his palm. Gallegher stopped with a gasp and with a trembling all over his little body, and his brain asked with a throb if it could be possible. But possibilities and prohabilities were to be discovered later. Now was the time for action.

He was after the man in a moment, hanging at his heels and his eyes moist with excitement.

He heard the man ask for a ticket to Torresdale, a little station just outside of Philadelphia, and when he was out of hearing, but not out of sight, purchased one for the same place.

The stranger went into the smoking-car, and seated himself at one end toward the door. Gallegher took his place at the opposite end.

He was trembling all over, and suffered from a slight feeling of nausea. He guessed it came from fright, not of any bodily harm that might come to him, but at the probability of failure in his adventure and of its most momentous possibilities.

The stranger pulled his coat collar up around his ears, hiding the lower portion of his face, but not concealing the resemblance in his troubled eyes and close-shut lips to the likenesses of the murderer Hade.

They reached Torresdale in half an



"We got Hade, and here's Mr. Dwyer's copy."

There was an appreciative pause.

"I see, gentlemen." said the city editor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning has impressed you, and I also see that before the week is out all of my young men will be under bonds for assaulting innocent pedestrians whose only offense is that they wear gloves in midwinter."

It was about a week after this that Detective Hefflefinger, of Inspector Byrne's staff, came over to Philadelphia after a burglar, of whose whereabouts he had been misinformed by telegraph. He brought the warrant, requisition, and other necessary papers with him, but sparrows.

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After a ten minutes' walk the stranger turned into a side road which led to only one place, the Eagle inn, an old roadside hostelry known now as the headquarters for pothunters from the Philadelphia game market and the battle ground or many a cock fight Gallegher knew the place well. He and his young companions had often stopped there when out chestnutting on holidays in the autumn.

Gallegher knew the gand his young companions had and his young companions had stopped there when out chestnutting on holidays in the autumn.

The son of the man who kept it had often accompanied them on their excursions, and though the boys of the city streets considered him a dumb lout, they respected him somewhat owing to his inside knowledge of dog and cock fights.

The stranger entered the inn at the side door, and Gallegher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the time being, and set about finding his occasional playmate, young Keppler.

The sporting editor was at dinner and came out in the hall to see him, with his napkin in his hand. Gallegher explained breathlessly that he had located the murderer for whom the police of two continents were looking, and with whom he

"Gosh, but you're in luck," exclaimed Gallegher, with flattering envy. "Couldn't I jest get a peep at it?"
"Maybe," said the gratified Keppler. "There's a winder with a wooden shutter at the back of the barn. You can get in by it, if you have someone to boost you up to the sill."
"Sa-a-y." drawled Gallegher, as if something had but just that moment reminded him. "Who's that gent who come down the road just a bit ahead of me-him with the cape-coat? Has he got anything to do with the fight."
"Him?" repeated Keppler in tones of sincere disgust. "No-oh he ain't no sport. He's queer. Dad thinks. He come here one day last week about 10 in the morning, said his doctor told him to go out 'en the country for his health-He's struck up and citified, and wears gloves, and takes his meals private in his room and all that sort of truck. They was saying in the saloon last night that they thought he was hiding from something, and Dad, just to try him, asks him last night if he was coming to see the fight. He looked sort of scared, and said he didn't want to see no fight. And then Dad says, I guess you mean you don't want no fighters to see you. Dad didn't mean no harm by it, just passed it as a joke; but Mr. Carleton, as he calls himself, got white as a ghost an' says. I'll got to the fight willing enough, and begins to laugh and

loke. And this morning he went right into the bar-room, where all the sports were setting, and said he was going into town to see some friends; and as he starts off he laughs an's says. This don't look as if I was afraid of seeing people, does it? but Dad says it was just bluff that made him do it, and Dad thinks that if he hadn't said what he did this that if he hadn't said what he did this Mr. Carleton wouldn't have left his room at all."

Gallegher had got all he wanted, and much more than he had hoped for—so much more than he had h

He had twenty minutes to walt for the next train, and it seemed an hour. While waiting he sent a telegram to Hefficinger at his hotel. It read: "Your man is near the Torresdale station, on Pennsylvania railroad; take cab. and meet me at station. Wait until I come. Gallegher."

With the exception of one at midnight no other train stopped at Torresdale that evening, hence the direction to take a cab.

out here," said the tayern-keeper's son, with a grin; "it's the fight," rewindedly.

"What fight? Why, the fight," resturned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's to come off here tonight. You knew that a swell as me; anyway your sportin' editor knows it. He got the tip last night, but that won't help you any. You need to think there's any chance of your getting a peep at it. Why, tickets is two hundred and fifty aplece?"

"There's a winder with fattering envy. "Couldin't I jest get a peep at it?"

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ulet and not tell who his prisoner cally is."

The sporting editor reached his hand ut to pat Gallegher on the head, but hanged his mind and shook hands with im tascead.

"My boy." he said. "you are an infant henomenon. If I can pull the rest of his thing off tonight it will mean \$5,000 reward and fame galore for you and he paper. Now, I'm going to write note to the managing editor, and you an take it around to him and tell him that you've done and what I am going to do, and he'll take you back on the aper and raise your salary. Perhaps ou didn't know you've been disharged?"

Do you think you ain't a-going to ske me with you'm demanded Galle-

"To you think you ain't a-going to take me with you" demanded Gallegher.
"Why certainly not. Why should I? It all lies with the detective and myself now. You've done your share, and done it well. If the man's caught, the reward's yours. But you'd only be in the way now. You'd better go to the office and make your peace with the chief."

Gallegher wondered how this man could value a week's salary against the excitement of seeing a noted criminal run down, and of getting the news to the paper, and to that one paper alone. From that moment the sporting editor sank in Gallegher's estimation.

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note;

"I have received reliable information that hade, the Burrbank murderer, will be present at the fight tonight. We have arranged it so that he will be arrestel quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the country tomorrow.

"Yours, etc.,

"MICHAEL E. DWYER."

The sporting editor stepped into the willing cash while Gallerber, whisnered.

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gether, and Gallegher could hear the driver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torresdale. It was quite deserted, and only a single light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and greeted them cautiously.

"I am Mr. Dwyer of the Press," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight tonight. We want you to arrest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this burglar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without any one so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1:20 for New York, we will give you \$500 out of the \$5000 reward. If, however, one other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere eise, knows of the arrest, you won't get a cent. Now, what do you say?"

The detective had a great deal to say He wasn't at all sure the man Gallegher suspected was Hade; he feared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man, he was afraid the local police would interfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we had directed, and you get the money and the credit of the arrest. If you don't like this, I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Heffleinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you

toward a long, low shed in the rear of the yard, which they now noticed was almost filled with rigs of many different makes, from the Hobson's choice of a livery stable to the brougham of the man about town.

"No," said Gallegher, as the cabman stopped to hitch the horse beside the others, "we want it nearest that lower gate. When we newspaper men leave this place we'll leave it in a hurry, and the man who is nearest town is likely to get there first. You won't he a-following of no hearse when you make your return trip."

Gallegher tied the horse to the very gatepost itself, leaving the gate open and allowing a clear road and a flying start for the prospective race to Newspaper row.

The driver disappeared wader the

start for the prospective race to Newspaper row.

The driver disappeared under the shelter of the porch, and Gallegher and the detective moved off cautiously to the rear of the barn. "This must be the window," said Hefflefinger, pointing to a broad wooden shutter some feet from the ground.

"Just you give me a boost once, and I'll get that open in a jiffy," said Gallegher.

The detective placed his hands on his knees and Gallegher stood upon his shoulders and with the blade of his knife lifted the wooden button that fastened the window on the inside, and pulled the shutter open.

Then he put one leg inside over the

so late that Mr. Dwyer could not sell in time for the last edition of the last could not sell in time for the last edition of the last could not sell in the was heralded by an advance guard sporting men, who stationed the at either side of the big door.

"Hurry up, now, genta," one of the said with a shiver, "don't keep the open no longer'n is needful."

It was not a very large crowd, was wonderfully well selected. In the majority of its component means with the coats with pearly the white coats with nearly. The white coats with astrakhan fur the wearers of which preserved as ness not remarkable when one on that they believed everyone else to be either a crook or a prize further ware well-fed.

in deep anxiety, hiding his pale he neath a cloth traveling-cap, any his chin muffied in a woollen scat had dared to come because he feath and dared to come because he feath and so he was there, hovering may not the border of the crowd, feeling danger and sick with feat.

When Heffledinger first any his started up on his hands and elbomade a movement forward as if he leap down then and there and can his prisoner single-handed.

"Lie down," growled Gallisher officer of any sort wouldn't live minutes in that crowd."

The detective drew back slow buried himself again in the single buried himself again in the single price once through the long fight.

rest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Heffefinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and as for me I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands."

They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to take place, for neither of the two men had \$256 to pay for his admittance.

But this was overcome when Gallegher remembered the window of which young Keppler had told him.

In the event of Hade's losing courage and not daring to show himself in the crowd around the ring, it was agreed that Dwyer should come to the barn and warn Hefflefinger, but if he should come. Dwyer was merely to keep near him and to signify by a prearranged gesture which one of the crowd he was. They drew up before a great black shadow of a house, dark, forbidding, and apparently deserted. But at the sound of the wheels on the gravel the door opened, letting out a stream of warm, cheerful light, and a man's voice said. "Put out those lights. Don't you'se know no better than that?" This was Keppler, and he welcomed Mr. Dwyer with effusive courtesy.

The two men showed in the stream of light, and the door closed on them, leaving the house as it was at first, black and silent, save for the dripping of the rain and snow from eaves.

The detective and Gallegher put out the cab's lamps and led the horse toward a long, low shed in the rear of the rain and snow from eaves.

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great-coats, stood forth in great-coats stood forth in all the beauty of the perfect brute.

Their pink skin was as see healthy looking as a baby's and in the lights of the lanterns the ivory, and underneath this rike ering the great bleeps and muscle in and out and looked like the cosnake around the branch of a transcended of the control of the c each other for a nearer viet men, whose metal buttons antly suggestive of police hands, in the excitement ment, on the southers of the perspiration stood out in drops on the foreheads of the and the newspaper men bit we nervously at the ends of their contentedly at their cude as with gentle curiosity at their cude as with gentle curiosity at their follow-brutes, who stood waiting in all to fall upon and kill each need he, for the delectation of brothers.

"Take your places," command master of ceremonies.

In the moment in which the in faced each other the crowd borstill that, save for the besides rain upon the shingled roof at stamping of a horse in one of the place was as silent as a dim "Time," shouted the master demonies.

the place was as silent as a "Time," shouted the master monles.

The two men sprang into a pedefense, which was lost as quit was taken, one great arm like a piston-rod; there was the first beating on mast there was an exultant indrawn savuse pleasure and relief fortowd, and the great fight had. How the fortunes of war rotand changed and rehanged, its is an old story to those who such stories, and those who such stories, and those who such stories, and those who fights between two men that it try has ever known.

But all that is of interest hen after an hour of this despensionable of the fights between two men that it try has ever known.

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But all that is of interest hen after an hour of this despensionable in the same whom he had and builled, and for whom the had but litle sympathy. The men about the ropes and obthose from a cutlass, his opportantially giving way.

The men about the ropes war control new; they drewned her in the first of the other muscle leaping in unison with the man they favored, and was rejoicings. They swept from york correspondent mutined shoulder that this would be anorthing surprise, since the Sayers fish. Mr. Dwys: I head sympathetically in assent. In the excitement and tun doubtful if any heard the time repeated blows that fell heavily outside unon the big doors of if they did, it was already mend matters, for the door fell, it has been and as it fell a calle like sprang into the light from all like sp

its hinges, and as it fell a capalice sprang into the light from

(Continued on Following